

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 38.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909

\$2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

## Storm Smashes Lighthouse

Word reached town Tuesday of the effect of Sunday's storm on the Lincoln Rock Lighthouse. According to Head Keeper Antone Hove, who arrived in Wrangell on the Peterson Tuesday, the waves swept completely over the structure smashing in the south side completely, and washing away most of the supplies and coal. The two boats of the station were washed away, and fog whistle put out of business. Those on the rock hung out signals of distress in the hope that the Jefferson would see their plight, but that ship passed by without seeing them. Later the transport Peterson, on her way up from Seattle to Haines where she is stationed, saw the signals, and sending a boat to the rock, brought off the head keeper, who reported the matter to the departmental headquarters at Portland. The cement work is uninjured, but there is hardly enough left of the balance to talk about, and that will undoubtedly go down if a heavy south wind should spring up before the repair gang arrives, as there is no way to make even temporary re-

pairs, and the whole end of the building is out, allowing the wind full sweep. Fortunately no one of the three men stationed at the lighthouse were injured. Word was received by wire authorizing the repair of the buildings and the Antelope left this morning with men and material.

## Had Narrow Escape

Sunday, November 21, Jack O'Malley and Sam Reese had a narrow escape from death at the Jumbo mine at Sulzer. They were on their way up to start work shortly before seven o'clock and were within a few feet of tunnel No. 2, at which point they were crossing an old waste rock dump which extended some fifty feet above them, when with the suddenness of lightning and without warning the snow slid and carried them over several steep bluffs a distance of 300 feet below. After several hours of hard work by the rest of the shift, the men were rescued alive, Reese with his left arm broken, while O'Malley was so badly shaken up that he had to go to the hospital.

## An Unjust Bill

Owners of gasoline boats and launches everywhere in the United States will unite in the campaign against the passage of the bill introduced by Congressman Humphrey in the last congress and which he will press for passage at the coming session.

The bill provides that all steam and motor vessels measuring five feet or more; whether they carry passengers or not, shall be inspected and must comply with all the regulations governing operation of steamers.

The small craft not now subjected to inspection, will, if the bill passes, be required to carry licensed officers and wireless apparatus and carry an operator. All launches, whether over or under thirty-five feet are required by the bill to carry life preservers. Launches under thirty-five feet are not required to have both a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot, if they can secure the services of one man with both certificates.

Section 36 of the bill, which provides for the equipment of ocean, lake, bay and sound vessels over thirty-five feet, is as follows:

"Every vessel subject to inspection navigating the ocean or any lake, bay, or sound of the United States shall be provided with life boats, rafts, self-igniting water lights, line-carrying projectiles, with the means of propelling them, drags, and pumps, in such number and of such character as shall be prescribed by the rules and regulations established by the board of supervising inspectors, and as may be suited to the navigation in which the vessel may be employed. Every vessel shall have all life boats required by law provided with suitable boat-launching apparatus so arranged as to allow the boats to be clear of the ship's side ready for detaching in less than two minutes of the time of clearing away of the boat is begun. Every sea-going vessel subject to inspection carrying passengers for hire, and any such vessels navigating any of the northern or northwestern lakes, shall have each life boat fitted with an improved detaching apparatus which can be operated by one man and which will detach both ends of the boat simultaneously. All steam and motor vessels carrying passengers for hire and engaged in a service which may at any time take them more than forty miles off shore shall be equipped with an efficient wireless telegraph apparatus, and shall carry a competent operator for the same."

## Met By Brass Band

Word arrives from Ketchikan that things were doing on the arrival of the Cottage City at that place on her last trip south, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eubank on

board. The couple had made a quiet getaway from Ketchikan, and were married at this place Thanksgiving eve; and thought to get back home again without the folks down there being any the wiser. But it was not to be, for somebody had sent the news of their coming and when they arrived, the band most of the citizens of the town, and quite all the old shoes and rice, were awaiting them on the wharf. The rest can be better imagined than told, but there certainly was nothing lacking in the welcome they received.

## Repairing The Engine

The shingle mill has been down and out for the past week or so, while Charley Kinney is overhauling the engine. The cylinder was in such bad shape that it was practically impossible to keep up steam enough to keep it going at any speed. It is being re-bored and new rings made, and should be as "good as new" when finished. There are plenty of orders in sight to keep the mill running for some time, so a satisfactory season is promised for 1910.

## Was A Mighty Bad Storm

Wrangell's water front had a very narrow escape from destruction Sunday. Conditions were such on that day, that we had the highest tide of the year, which with the aid of a strong wind from the southeast, piled the water away up. Just as the tide turned, the wind backed around to the southwest, and within an hour it had increased to a fifty mile an hour gale, and the swell began to pile in. Fortunately the water had dropped a couple of feet by this time, and that was all that saved the buildings along the front. As it was, for a while it looked very bad, but the escape was made with the following losses: About fifty feet of side walk, between the Salvation Army barracks and the old Silver Tip building; a general shaking up of the Marshal wharf; the wreck of Frank Dandy's launch, and the demolition of some thirty feet of the outside end of Wheeler's wharf. This with some few minor happenings completes the list, and we can consider ourselves fortunate that it is no longer.



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# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

Entered as Second Class Matter, July 29, 1909, at the Wrangell, Alaska, Postoffice, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

\$2.50 per year in advance, otherwise \$3.00 Foreign Countries 50c extra

## EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

Under a Washington, D. C., date line of November 20, appears the following, which it is most sincerely to be hoped will result in good:

An order has gone forth forbidding the United States marshalls of Alaska to participate in the profits from boarding prisoners. The attorney-general has been in correspondence with delegate Wickersham regarding the complaints made against Love and other marshalls and their deputies, which resulted in the order being made.

## HAS NO KICK COMING

We are informed by the dispatches in the daily papers of the District that Delegate Wickersham gave it out officially at Cordova that he had never authorized anyone to make the statement that he would not be a candidate for reelection to Congress. That's rather queer, as the writer hereof distinctly remembers occupying the same platform as Mr. Wickersham, here in Wrangell, on the afternoon of July 3rd, 1909, and there hearing him in the presence of at least four hundred people make the statement that he was not, nor would he be a candidate to succeed himself. Somebody's memory must be at fault.

## EVERYBODY GET BUSY

It behoves everybody who is interested in gas boats, who may have a friend who has a congressman for a friend, to get busy with a hammer against Congressman Humphrey's new bill aimed at the gasoline boats and launches of the United States. It is lamentable that such a man as Humphrey undoubtedly is, should allow himself to be made a tool of by the steamship interests of the land. The latter realize that they must do something to get the smaller lines of

water transportation back into their hands, which the gasoline boat men have taken away from them in the last decade, and is there no easier way to do this than to make it impossible for the gasoline men to continue in business owing to irksome regulations. Alaska owes much, even of the small amount of her development which she now enjoys, to the ever present gas boat, and without them she would indeed be down and out.

Word came over the wire that Seward has under gone a fiery baptism, which has left her badly ripped, but it is hoped not permanently so. Wrangell should take warning from the Westward town's plight and spare no pains to be ready to fight and conquer possible conflagrations. The continued cold, dry spell calls for great care and watchfulness on the part of everyone.

## STOLEN SMILES

We clip the following for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press:

"Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, several births and death are postponed this week."

They had been making hay while the sun shone, and when they had finished a high hay-stack the farmer's boy shouted from the top, "Say, mister, how am I going to get down?"

There was no ladder on the farm long enough to reach, so it was up to the farmer to figure a way, out, and this was his solution:

"Oh, jest shet yer eyes and walk around a bit!"

Before becoming a hotel clerk he had worked in a grocery store.

"Is Judge David Poppenburg stopping here?" asked an impressive looking stranger as he approached the desk.

"No," replied the clerk in his most winning manner, "but—er—we have something else just as good."

## Publishes Old History

This month's edition of the Alaska Yukon Magazine is meeting with a good sale here in Wrangell these days. The cause therefor, being an article entitled "Kots-lit-an," (The Place of Willows) from the pen of Rev. Harry Corser. It treats of the early history of Kots-lit-an, or as we term it, "Old Wrangell," the original abiding place of the Wrangell branch of Thlinget Indian nation. The article is entertainingly written, and is illustrated by some fine photographs of the totem poles, etc., of Old Town, taken by John E. Worden.

Late arrivals from the North, state that the winter population of Nome will be less than 1000.

It is rumored that the rate war among the steamship companies will spread to the Westward.

The break in the government cable was found about two hundred miles north of Sitka, and was repaired by the Burnside.

Alaska has a new volcano, situated on Dogosloff island.

Jesse Noble, the Dome City banker, was sentenced by Judge Lyons to serve 90 days in jail for striking a miner over the head with a hammer because the latter refused to pay money which Noble said was due the bank.

J. W. McNamara, indicted by the grand jury at Valdez for the killing of T. R. Carpenter at Cordova, was found guilty of murder in the second degree.

The Alaska Steamship company recently sold the steamer Santa Clara, and the announcement is now made that negotiations are nearly completed for the letting of contracts for the construction of two new double-bottom, twin screw steamships for use on the route between Seattle and Prince William sound ports.

Drafts purported to have been drawn on the Merchants National bank of New York, in favor of John R. Davis, James Evans and R. A. Conway, by the B. M. Behrends Bank, of Juneau, were cashed by business men of San Francisco, who became interested in a proposed scheme for a steamship line from that city direct to Alaska.

Casey Moran, well known in Alaska as the man who discovered Noah's ark on an icy peak in the Polar sea, has bobbed up at Chicago, where, in aid of a tag day celebration, he donned skirts, put war paint on his cheeks and fooled not only the men but the women into making liberal purchases of the charity tags.

O. G. Larabee, the former receiver of the Alaska Central, has been elected president of the re-organized corporation to be known henceforth as the Alaskan Northern Railway. The new president makes two statements that are significant of his intention of the policy of the road, one of which is that the terminus of the road will be moved to some other point on Resurrection Bay, and the other is that the road will be built to the Tanana.

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Great Play

# IN

# FULL

By  
John W. Harding

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EUGENE WALTER,  
Author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way"

## CHAPTER X.

Brooklyn steam into port all painted up, with a lot of peevish bluejackets on board, looking for trouble. So they postponed their change of government indefinitely. We had been delayed so long by them fellows—

"Jimsy," objected Beth. "Don't call them 'them fellows.'"

"No?"

"No. Say 'those fellows.'"

"Well, Beth, I've known those greasers down there for fourteen years as 'them fellows,' and if I called them anything else I'm afraid I'd have to be introduced again."

"But Captain Williams?" insisted Mrs. Harris.

"Yes, where is he?" said Brooks.

"Well, we decided to come home. Captain left on the steamer by the way of New Orleans, and a couple of days later I came direct to New York."

"Then he is here?" said Mrs. Harris in a tone of gratification.

"I suppose he is, unless he was shipwrecked on the way."

"But you haven't told us anything about the war," Beth reminded him. "Was it exciting?"

"Well, as the only things that were shot off were several hundred mouths and as I'm a bad hand at repeating conversations I will have to leave the details to your imaginations."

"I consider that a most uninteresting story," pouted Beth, "and, besides, you're keeping us from the theater."

"All going?" queried Smith.

"No, just Beth and me," explained Mrs. Harris. "Emma and Joe have seen the play, and we've got the last two seats."

Emma accompanied her mother and sister to her bedroom to help them don their hats.

When the door had closed upon them Smith's attitude changed entirely. The smile vanished from his face, and he went over to Brooks and placed both hands on his shoulders.

"Joe, you're found out," he announced.

"How found out?" demanded Brooks, jumping up and facing him, very white.

"The money you've taken."

"If you say I've taken money, you're a liar!" retorted Brooks, with an attempt at fierce indignation. But the words came falteringly between his blue, parched lips.

"Joe, Joe," rebuked his friend sternly, "this ain't no time to four flush with me. I'm your friend, and you need one now, boy. Besides, there's Emma to think of."

"I don't know what you mean," he protested in a choking voice.

"That story of a revolution was a lie," explained Smith. "Williams has been home three days. He has had the books looked over at night. He seemed to know what you were doing from the time you took the first dollar. I've reason to think he went away simply to give you a free rein and get even with you for what you said to him that night at the flat. Joe, we've got to pull together now, and you've got to be on the square with me."

Brooks sank limply into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"What shall I do?" he moaned.

"Sit tight and saw wood."

"But they'll send me to jail, won't they?"

"You took that chance, Joe, boy. But we will have to fight and fight hard to get you out of it. You can't run away. You're watched," interrupted his friend. "Detectives are downstairs, and if you make a false

move they'll nab you and spoil every chance."

"Jimsy, I'm done; I know I'm done!" he almost whimpered, plunged again into the bottommost depth of despair.

"Keep your nerve. What have you told Emma?"

"She doesn't know."

"Of course she doesn't. I mean, where did you say you got all the money?"

"I told her my salary was raised, and some back pay."

"I'm on. Now brace up. You look all in. Here come the ladies."

"They are ready, Joe," announced Mrs. Brooks.

"Come on, my boy, and take the family to the show," ordered Mrs. Harris.

"I'm ready," he replied, pulling himself together with great effort. "Jimsy, wait till I come back."

Emma and Smith accompanied them to the elevator.

"Hurry back, Joe," was Emma's injunction to her husband as the car disappeared from view.

TULLY is credited with being the first to remark what essayists have pointed out ever since—that friendship improves happiness and abates misery by the doubling of our joys and dividing of our griefs. This was the sort of friendship that animated Jimsy Smith. His regard began in love for Emma Harris, but when he found that this love was not requited he did not for that reason withdraw his interest in her. Accepting the cold reality with his usual philosophy, he thrust deep down in his heart the passion that never could be eradicated, and his sterling, unflinching honesty transformed it in time into a fraternal affection as self-sacrificing as it was loyal, which he extended to the man Emma had chosen for her life partner. With his keen perception he had soon seen that that man was morally weak, irresolute of purpose, incompetent in business and that his love for his wife was not of that kind which counted sacrifice for her as a privilege and forbearance, indulgence and unfailing consideration for her gentler and purer nature as a duty. But it was not for him to judge or to condemn. That Emma was satisfied was sufficient. No other consideration mattered a particle. And he esteemed himself happy in being admitted to the little household on terms of the intimacy of an elder brother. In all the world there was no one else he cared for or who cared for him.

When Mrs. Brooks and he re-entered the apartment and she turned to him and told him that it was good to see him back she meant it.

"It is good to me to be back again," he admitted, "if only for a few hours."

"Why a few hours, Jimsy?"

"Williams expects me to take the midnight train for Boston. There is some legal tangle about our dock lease there."

"Oh, I see. Did Joe tell you about our good fortune? Of course you can see the change," and she made a gesture that took in the whole room.

"You mean the raise in salary and back pay?"

"Yes. Wasn't it splendid of Captain Williams?"

"It certainly has agreed with you," he responded evasively. "Never saw you look so well."

"Did the captain tell you about it?"

"No; he never mentioned it."

"Why not?"

"Captain Williams has a habit of keeping a whole lot to himself."

"It came as a complete surprise—at least to me."

"Seems to have done your mother a whole lot of good. She never did shine up to that Harlem flat."

"In all the years I've known you, Jimsy, you've never spoken of your mother or father. I suppose you don't care to."

An expression of pain flitted over his face.

"No; it ain't pleasant," he confessed. Mrs. Brooks was sincerely sorry for her rather thoughtless remark.

"Forgive me, Jimsy. I wish I hadn't said that. Could I help to make it more pleasant? I'd like to," she said sympathetically.

He gazed at her with a queer look and for a few moments did not speak. He appeared to be debating something in his mind.

"My mother, as near as I have been able to find out, hiked out into Colorado when it was a territory. There wasn't much law and, I guess, no conventionalities. Everybody kind of drifted along the best or the worst they could, the majority voting the straight ticket for the worst. A shake

of the hand was as good as a bond, and there wasn't any law in the land except that between man and woman. Some of them out there yearned as much for the sanctity of the marriage vows as an Arab in the Sahara does for a sun bath. It was a loose country, full of loose people. My mother fell in love with a roving miner, and he promised to marry her, but before the parson wandered into the camp to make a little loose change tying matrimonial knots pa got into an argument concerning alcoholic capacity and got plugged with a 45."

"Killed?"

"Yes. He passed on. Later I was shoved into the midst of an unsuspecting public. My coming into the world without the usual legal credentials hit my poor mother awful hard, and before I could open my eyes she died. Then there was an awful argument about where I belonged."

"How?"

"Two cities claimed me. Denver said I was born in Omaha, and Omaha blamed it on Denver. Those that looked after me when I was a kid got a little careless about my education, and finally the city of Denver adopted me as a favorite son. Father's only known name was Jim. I grabbed it. I had to have a last one on the handle, so I chose Smith, feeling tolerably certain it would pass the scrutiny of an inquisitive world without raising a storm of curiosity."

He paused, then concluded, with a wan smile:

"You see, Emma, I am some shy."

"I'm awfully sorry, Jimsy, but it doesn't make a lot of difference, does it?" she said consolingly.

"No, only that's why I came east. The west ain't conducive to pleasant recollections."

"It's nothing you could help."

"No I figure you can't always blame people for what they can't help. If a fellow comes into the world shy, he's shy, and the chances are he's doing the best he can the very time he goes to the bad."

"How? In what way?"

"You seem puzzled," he said, moving his chair so that it brought him squarely facing her. "Well, for instance, out in Denver I knew a fellow who married a girl who'd had pretty much what she wanted, but he'd been in hard luck. It was a love match all right, both parties being clean foolish over each other. Well, he didn't get on, and she had to work pretty hard. Finally he thought her health and spirits were about busted up on account of the work, and he commenced appropriating other folks' money—got 'way in, and the harder he tried to get out the deeper he floundered. Finally the big exposure came off. He was a thief. Now, what do you think about him, Emma? Do you think because he was long on love and short on honor he was all bad, eh?"

She hesitated, pondering the question as something so utterly beyond ordinary cogitation that it could not have presented itself to her and was not to be lightly decided.

"I don't know what to think," she mused. "I've always loathed a thief and a liar. I know there's an awful lot of dishonesty—in business. Father always declared that a man to drink or gamble or dissipate might be weak, but that a man who stole or lied to injure people was vicious. Somehow I think that too."

"Maybe you're right, but I wondered if you'd been in his wife's place you'd sort of forgiven the man and helped him get right."

"Perhaps—I don't know," she replied doubtfully. "But I think if anything like that ever happened it would almost kill me."

Her thoughts were diverted from the subject by the ringing of the telephone bell. She answered it.

"Captain Williams calling," she said to Smith, then through the phone:

"Ask the gentleman to come up, please."

Jimsy, anxious and much troubled, regarded her thoughtfully.

She turned from the telephone and advanced to him, holding out her hand. He took it hesitatingly and wonderingly.

"Jimsy," she said earnestly, "I've never quite understood you before."

"No?" he interrogated.

"But after what you told me tonight," she went on, "I've had a little peek behind the curtains. You are a good man, Jimsy—a good man. That means everything."

For the second time in his entire life—the first having been when he proposed to her—Smith displayed trepidation.

"Now, Emma, be careful," he reproved. "There ain't no celestial medals pinned on my coat signifying an

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### Will Remodel Sea Girt

Monday of this week, W. C. Waters had his launch, the Sea Girt, hauled out of the water at Fletcher's shop, and she will be remodeled to put her in shape to handle a more extended line of work than has been her lot hitherto. She will be lengthened 2 feet and have another engine installed making a twin screw of her.

### Wood Yard on the Move

"Wood" Johnston is on the move and has shifted his plant from the location it has occupied for so long to a position between the machine shop and the electric light plant. The move was necessitated by the purchase of the ground occupied by Bruno Grief, who wanted it for other purposes. The loss of time in the moving will effect the business but little as Johnston has lots of wood cut ready for delivery.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

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### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order made and entered this 4th day of November, A. D. 1909, by the U. S. Commissioner for the Precinct of Wrangell, District of Alaska, sitting in Probate in the matter of the Estate of John Norton, Deceased, the undersigned Administrator of said estate will sell at public auction, subject to confirmation by said Court, the following described real property.

One small house and lot situated on Front Street in said Town of Wrangell, Alaska, bounded and described as follows to-wit:

Bounded on the West by property owned by Mrs. Uhler, on the North by Cow Alley, on the East by property owned by Frank Dandy, on the South by Front Street, said property is known as the Jack Norton Cabin.

Said sale will be made on the 4th day of December A. D. 1909 at 2 o'clock p. m. on said Front Street in front of said property, terms of said sale to be cash only.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 4th day of November, A. D. 1909.

WILLIAM E. LLOYD  
Administrator of the Estate of John Norton deceased.

First publication November 4, 1909.  
Last publication December 2, 1909.

### Wedding In High Life

Last night was an important one in the history of the native population of Wrangell. There was a "hi-yu" wedding in town, Mose Shakes, son of Chief Shakes, and Fannie Sam were the contracting parties. Judge Snyder tied the knot.

### The Fireman's Ball Masque

The local firemen wish the Sentinel to make the announcement for them that they have their committees up and doing in their preparations for the Grand Mask Ball New Year's Eve. They have decided that prizes will be offered, lady and gentleman, for the most gorgeous costumes, best sustained characters, most original characters, and the best waltzers. Besides these there will probably be others. The music has already been arranged for and is of the best, so get your suit ready and be there. By the way, the committee in charge have made the ruling that nobody will be allowed on the floor unless they are in costume.

### Hard Trips Reported

Practically all of the local launches which have had to go out of late report mighty strenuous voyages, owing to the hard winds the Stikine is handing out this winter. Jack Mantel, who with Tom Dalgerty made the trip down to Lincoln Rock last week, had a rather hard time of it getting home again, fighting the wind and the waves for days on the way.

The Sentinel's editor had his first experience last week on a gas boat in winter, and is determined that it will be the last for a while. He was aboard the "Sport," and was 55 hours making the trip down from Petersburg. He thought for a while that his wife would have the chance to spend his life insurance, but the fine seamanship of Oscar Nicholson pulled the little craft through to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullmann, the big New York Fur buyer, will spend the winter in Southeastern Alaska, making frequent calls at Wrangell.

### A Mixed Up Affair

Poor old Jinks is in more trouble! It appears that he keeps his cash in his trunk, and had left the key to the trunk hanging on a nail on the underside of his bed. Friday, shortly before noon, he made the discovery that somebody had opened the trunk and extracted therefrom the greater part of the cash, amounting in all to \$81.00. Suspicion fastened upon the Japanese, Sumi, who had been working for Jinks, and the latter swore out a warrant for his arrest, and the man was placed in the U. S. jail, pending an investigation. While this was being made, the authorities concluded that possibly Sumi was not guilty of the crime, but that Harry Jim, who was one of the witnesses against Sumi, knew more about it than he seemed willing to tell, so he too was arrested. Yesterday afternoon a hearing was held in the Sumi case, with the result that he was discharged.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

### Notice To Tax Payers

Notice is hereby given that the Tax Roll of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the year 1909, is in the hands of the Town Treasurer, and that such taxes are now due and payable. Taxes will become delinquent on December 31, 1909, when, if they are not paid, a penalty of Five per cent. will be added.

Dated this 8th day of November, 1909.

LEO PATENAUDE,  
Town Treasurer.

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